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THE BLUE QUILL

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QUEENS COLLEGE

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

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Christmas AT QUEENS, 1952

Boar's Head Dinner, White Gift Service, Christmas Vespers

The eighteenth annual boar's head dinner will be held by Queens College on December 18, 1952. This celebration follows an old English custom which was first observed at Queens in 1934, when Miss Alma Edwards was Dean of Students. Participating in the 1952 Boar's Head Procession will be: Boar's Head Bearer—Nancy Barron; Reader—Iris Jean Yandle; Candlestick Bearer—Joyce Tucker; Trumpeters—Sarah Frances Biddix and Ellanor Fetner.

During pre-Christian times in the winter solstice the Druids slew a boar and presented in the rites of sacrifice the head to Freya, the goddess of peace and plenty, whom they believed to ride upon a golden-bristled boar. Later, in medieval days in England the principal Christmas feasts were begun by bringing in the boar's head, which was the main course of the meal. Carrying aloft the roasted head of the boar on a silver platter, the chief cook, preceded by trumpeters and other musicians, and followed by huntsmen with their boar spears and pages carrying mustard, placed the patter at the head of the table in solemn ceremony. Rosemary and laurel adorned the boar's head, and an apple or lemon was placed in its mouth.

The boar's head tradition is observed by many public schools and universities in which during the dinner the students rise and sing the "Boar's Song." The words of this song, which is many centuries old, are:

A Carol: Bryngyng In The Boar's Head

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino

The bore's head in hande bring I,
With garlandes gay and rosemary,
I pray you all synge merely,
Qui estis in convivio.

The bore's head I understand,
Is the chefe servyce in this lande
Loke wherer it be fande
Servite cum cantico.

Be gladde, lords, both more and lasse,
For this hath ordayned our stewarde
To cheer you all this Christmasse,
The bore's head with mustarde.[1]

Famous for its retention of the festive boar's head ceremony is Queens College, Oxford. For five centuries this institution has used the following procedure: A huge boar's head, weighing about seventy pounds, is embellished with a cross, small banners, and spray arrangements of rosemary, laurel, and mistletoe. Three bearers, announced by trumpets, bring the tray into the dining hall. A procession of the Provost and Fellows is prior to the entry of the boar's head. The bearers and precentors chant *"Caput apri defero, Reddens laudes Domino,"* the Latin refrain which is sung by the company.

Bringing In The Boar's Head

An ancient legend explains the institution of this ceremony. About five hundred years ago a student of the college at Oxford, wandering around Shotover Hill in deep contemplation of Aristotle, was suddenly attacked by a wild boar. In defense the student threw down the boar's throat the works of this great philosopher. The beast choked, and his head was triumphantly carried back to the college by the student.

Queen Victoria celebrated the old custom by commencing her Christmas dinner with the bringing in of the boar's head, performed with the solemnity of the ancient ceremony.

The boar's head dinner is the highlight at Queens of the approaching Christmas season. Traditionally, the dinner is held on the night before the college closes for Christmas vacation.

During chapel on Tuesday, December 16, 1952, the students of Queens will participate in a white-gifts ceremony. Gifts of food wrapped in white will be carried by the students to the front of chapel. These gifts of food are given to needy families. This program is sponsored jointly by the Student Christian Association and the Pan-Hellenic Council.

Christmas Vespers will be held in Belk Chapel at 5:00 p.m. on December 14, 1952. The program is sponsored by the Student Christian Association. Following the prelude, the processional by the choir will open the Vesper program. Mr. Merrill will continue the musical program with a violin solo. The choir will present the following selections: "Angels and Shepherds" by Kodaly; "Epiphany" by Kodaly; "Jesus, Only to Think of Thee"; "Jesu, Rex, Admirabilis" by Palestrina; two Polish Christmas Carols, arranged by Harold E. Geer (Mildred Reid will take the solo part in one of these); a Bach Chorale; "In Pace In Idipsum" by Lassus.

And the congregation will participate in the singing of the traditional Christmas hymns. Doris Searcy, member of the Student Christian Association cabinet, will read the Christmas story. The beautiful and inspiring Vespers will end with the recessional by the choir.

—B. C.

[1] William S. Walsh, *Curiosities of Popular Customs*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1897, pp. 132-133.

MISS THELMA ALBRIGHT—

Stimulating Personality

Parents' Week End is only one of the features that profit by Miss Albright's stimulating personality. Miss Albright looks forward with great joy to entertaining parents every November when Queens has a specially planned week end for them. As the Dean looked over the photos for an exhibit, she talked of many changes which are shown in them. Among these changes are new baths, Diana's Den, the launderette, and Dr. Jernigan. Miss Albright was somewhat worried about where parents would stay for the week end because of Queens' crowded conditions.

Miss Albright doesn't mind the crowded conditions of Queens this year, however, for she is one of seven daughters born into the home of a Methodist minister. While growing up, she lived in many towns in the Piedmont and Western sections of North Carolina. Rev. and Mrs. Albright are now living near Guilford College. Although Miss Albright has stayed longer in Charlotte than in any other city, she likes to travel both in this country and abroad.

"Miss A," as she is known, struggled through college just like any other college girl. She did her undergraduate work at Greensboro College, a small denominational school similar to Queens in ideas of education for young women. After finishing school Miss Albright taught several years at R. J. Reynolds High School in Winston-Salem. She came to Queens from that position. Leaving Queens she taught at Agnes Scott. She was also on the staff of the Dean of Residence at Duke University. In 1941 she returned to Queens to assume the position of Dean of Women.

Besides being Dean of Women, Miss Albright has held other organizational offices. She has been president of the Duke Alumnae Association, president of the North Carolina Association of Deans of Women, and a member of the Executive Committee of North Carolina Conferences. She is a member of A.A.U.W. and the Myers Park Methodist Church.

Miss Albright has many interests. She likes good music and great books. In fact, she likes literature so well that she continues to teach a class in English literature. There she inspires students to strive to learn all she demands and more. (They say her exams are really tough, but a student feels it a high privilege to have been instructed by the Dean.) "Miss A" finds much pleasure also in studying interesting personalities. For this reason she welcomes the arrival of the freshmen every year. Of course, her strongest interest is Sea View Inn at Pawley's Island, South Carolina. She, with Miss Hull, her roommate, and Miss Squires, decided to buy a beach hotel after vacationing at this beach for fourteen years. All three are devoted to the simple life at Sea View. (From what we have seen and heard it really is simple!) The work is fascinating because it deals with people on vacation, "Miss A" says. This unusual interest just goes to show that a college Dean of Women can do other things than sign S. P.'s.

Miss Thelma Albright

The Dean's newest interest, however, is her cat family, which consists of two blue Persians. The kittens have an interesting series of names. They were first called Nip and Tuck until one of them became very meditative. Then Miss Hull named the contemplative one Alcibiades and the other one Plato. During election week they were called Ike and Mamie, but they refused to respond to those names. At the present their names are Bigger and Little One!

When Miss Albright is not in the dignified confines of her office, she may surprise the students by the amusing things she does. Every year she has the freshmen down to her "little home by the Dell" for an informal get-together. At these parties she is quite apt to tell unusually funny jokes or balance a nickel on her nose. In hot weather her less informal attire is white shorts or a sun-back dress. In fact, she may visit a friend in such apparel with the addition of a hat, bag, gloves, and heels, for as "Miss A" states, "A woman is considered well dressed when wearing these things!"

Queens College is Miss Albright's life. She has seen much progress at Queens since 1943. The addition of many facilities has been remarkable. Frazer Hall, Student Union, new Science Building wing, new power plant, Belk Chapel, Stultz, Diana's Den, the launderette, and the Health Center have been added since Miss Albright has been Dean of Women. "Miss A" dreams of the future of Queens with "increased facilities for the stimulation and development of an intellectual curiosity of the entire student body." "I want especially," she says, "an excellent library building and a fine-arts building. As we approach the centennial of our charter in 1957, I realize that much must be done to make our dreams materialize at least in part by that time."

—D-J. S.

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Education At Sarah Lawrence College

The aim of Sarah Lawrence College is to educate its students to become mature human beings, capable of intelligent thought and action in their personal and social lives; so states the catalogue. At first glance the aim of this college, located at Bronxville, New York, seems to be no different from the aim of every other college, but there is a difference, a big difference. Sarah Lawrence College is an experiment in progressive education.

The College is based on the theory that students need to understand themselves as well as to satisfy credit requirements. Each student is given a counselor, a "don" as he is called, and with the help of this don the student plans his course of study. This course is designed to meet the needs of the student, taking into consideration his abilities and interests. The "don" is a very important factor in progressive education; for it is he who maintains the position of guide, helping each student to get the most out of his college career. Sarah Lawrence is vitally concerned with finding the best method of growth for each student.

The curriculum differs vastly from that of the average college. There is no system of required courses, no sequence of studies. Since this is true, there is no need to specify a major field. In addition, work is taken in only two or three fields rather than the usual five or six. This enables the students to do more research, to read more widely, and, in general, to do more preparation for class discussions. Students are also encouraged to carry on individual projects in a given field; thus aiding their independent thinking. Twelve to fifteen hours, or about a third of the time, is spent on class work; the remainder of the time is devoted to individual projects planned by the teachers. No letter or numerical grade is given, however. An attempt is made to describe the growth and achievement of each student; these reports are written by the faculty and sent to the students three times a year. Although the educational requirements of the state of New York must be met, the Bachelor of Arts degree is awarded to students who have adequately met the educational requirements of the College. The requirements are the ability to think intelligently, to consider fairly ideas and attitudes of other people, and to accept their responsibilities as creditable members of society. The conferring of a degree by the College means that these ends have been adequately achieved.

Although some students reach college with a clear idea of the direction their life should take after college, most do not; and it is this majority that the College tries to help. Care is taken to condition the students for their responsibilities in the world as well as to instill into them a love of learning. "It is the educational purpose of the College to aid them in planning the general conduct of their adult lives—as individuals, as partners in marriage, as parents, and as citizens in a world that needs all the wisdom its people can develop."

—C. M.

Queens Ensemble Organized

Are you interested in chamber music? you are or even if you are not, a ewly organized group on campus will terest you. Mr. Merrill has begun ork with a group of music students ho are mainly interested in playing amber music. Queens is represented Bea Allston on the viola and Marret Rose on the clarinet. The rest the quintet is made up of Alice ohl, first violin; Lillian Foote, second olin; and James Stroud, cello. These e Charlotte high school students who e taking music here at Queens.

In listening to chamber music it is necessary to understand that it is composed so that each part is as important as the other. Chamber music is not composed so much with a listening audience in mind but more in the interest of the participating musicians; consequently it is not ostentatious.

This group presented a program before Christmas, and several will follow later in the year. Anyone who is interested in participating in this group can get all the necessary information by contacting Mr. Merrill.

—L. H.

Dr. Sibley

DR. SIBLEY LECTURES

On the evening of November 21 Dr. Ruroy Sibley delivered the second program in the annual Queens College concert-lecture series. Dr. Sibley, who was born in Rochester, New York, received his early education under private instruction and tutoring. In college he decided on a scientific career and devoted his studies toward life work in that field. Dr. Sibley specialized in astronomy under Dr. E. S. Holden, Director of Lick Observatory and President of the University of California. He also studied geology; and after special scholastic training and field work, Dr. Sibley became a consulting geologist devoting a portion of his career to geological explorations and property examinations.

Having had a great deal of experience in photography, which he had taken in connection with science work, Dr. Sibley became interested in promoting a wider use of photographic prints, specialized lantern slides, and later of motion pictures. With the co-operation of leading observatories, he produced "The Universe," covering general astronomy. This is now the official teaching film in school systems and colleges in various parts of the country.

Dr. Sibley's experience as a public lecturer extends over a period of forty years. During the past eighteen years he has directed his efforts to the interpretation of astronomy for general audiences.

Now Dr. Sibley brings to the lecture platform his latest picture, "The Universe of Palomar," a presentation of

(Continued on page 15)

SERVANTS AND FRIENDS

An institution can only be as good as its members and supporters. Here on Queens College campus we have many supporters of whom we may not be fully aware—the Queens servants. The functioning of our college would be almost impossible without this group, some of whom have served Queens loyally for many years. They are faithful workers for and friends of the college and its undertakings.

There is one particular campus personality who is not only a well-known friend of each of us, but a friend of many of the students of Queens for the last quarter of a century—Eva Massey. Eva has worked in the dining hall of Queens College for twenty-five years and is known and loved by many. Eva began her years at Queens when Morrison Hall was first completed in 1927. Formerly Burwell Hall had been the eating place for Queens girls. Eva says that she particularly remembers serving here when Miss McLean was the dean and when Dr. Frazer was the president of the college. Indeed, she has seen much of Queens history in the making.

Eva has one son and eight grandchildren. In the summer she works at Tanner's Snack Shop in down-town Charlotte. Eva's many years at Queens have been happy ones. In times past there have been as many as thirty-five or thirty-six student tables to be served in Morrison Hall. Unusual happenings become usual in a college dining hall, but Eva says that she is very sure of one thing, "I know that all the girls I have served here all these years have sure been sweet girls."

Eva is just one of the many who help to make Queens a happier place for all the administration, students, and faculty. There are others who have been at Queens for numerous years and others who have only recently come to be a part of our college life. J. H. Dodds, the pastry cook, has been here for some time, in addition to Charles Partee, Elsie Teeter, Maggie Caldwell, Price Fincher, and Starr Grier. Ernest Mills, the janitor in the Science Building, and Joe Clyburn, the janitor in Burwell Hall, have also been at Queens for several years. But there are others who are more recently a part of Queens—Mary Alexander, Lewis T. Brown, Jack Clardy, Gladys Dargins, Isabell Davis, J. B. Ervin, Bearman Glasgow, Willie Glasgow, Nathaniel Hennigan, Amanda McCollom, Ada Phillips, Josephine Reynolds, Nettie M. Royster, James Teague,

Eva Massey

R. B. Wallace, Jack W. Weeks, Jannie M. White, Essie Wilson, and Dorothy Young.

Eva and all the rest of these people have served Queens faithfully and well. Their time and efforts have been devoted to our welfare and happiness. It is therefore not our duty but our privilege to be grateful and helpful in any and every way to these active supporters of Queens. For ours is a common task—that of building a greater Queens.

—C. L.

I love a day with dark grey skies,
For this I know: Beyond them lies
The sun's ray bright
And, farther on, Eternal Light.

Kathryn Hickman

LIBRARY GETS *Great Books*

The Queens College library has recently acquired a set of 54 volumes of the *Great Books of the Western World*. These books comprise the most significant works that have been written through the ages from Homer to Freud. The set, consisting of 443 works by 74 authors, was published jointly by the Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., and the University of Chicago.

The key to the volume is the two-volume Syntopicon. With this one can trace the discussion of any idea through all the authors in the set. One can use the Syntopicon as a basic reference book comparable to the dictionary and the encyclopaedia.

The publisher of the *Great Books of the Western World* is Senator William Benton, who is publisher and chairman of the board of Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc. The editor-in-chief is former Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago, now the associate director of the Ford Foundation. Mortimer J. Adler, director of the Institute for Philosophical Research, is the associate editor and was responsible for the production of the Syntopicon.

The production of the set was started in 1943 under an agreement between Chancellor Hutchins and Senator Benton. In the agreement Britannica undertook to produce the set jointly with the University of Chicago. The editorial work and initial production was completed at the cost of more than $2,000,000.

This outstanding set of books is found in the literature section (800's) of the reference room. The student body and faculty are urged to make use of these books.

—F. S.

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CONTEMPORARY ARTS SERIES

Because few people are really acquainted with modern art, a series of programs, under the auspices of Mr. Sweet, will be presented here at Queens College. This series will include four programs. The first of these was presented Tuesday, December the ninth, by Mr. Holliday on modern music. Two more lectures will follow: one on painting and sculpture by Mrs. Bryant and one on the theater arts by Mr. Snyder. The final presentation is to be a panel discussion in which the entire field covered in the lectures will be tied together. (Dr. Jernigan will be on the panel!)

The idea for these programs was originated last year, but lack of time prevented their being given. These programs are definitely for the students and faculty who are interested in learning something about this art which so many people are quick to criticize and dislike without first learning something about the fundamentals. It should be the desire of all who want a well-rounded education to want to come to these programs in order to broaden their outlook on life and what is going on around them in the way of art.

The programs will be held in the auditorium of the Stultz Building. This room affords facilities for the use of films, slides, records, and exhibits. All the members of the student body, both day students and boarding students, and the faculty should keep in mind that this series is being presented for them with the sole purpose of giving a better understanding of modern art and its relations to the world today.

Mr. Sweet pointed out a challenging statement in the book *The Social History of Art,* by Arnold Hauser.

. . . It (modern art) is a fundamentally "ugly" art, foregoing the euphony, the fascinating forms, tones and colours of impressionism. It destroys pictorial values in painting, carefully and consistently executed images in poetry and melody and tonality in music. It implies an anxious escape from everything purely decorative and ingratiating. The intention is to write, paint and compose from the intellect, not from the emotions. . . .

Is this true? Is this how modern art is interpreted by the average person? Through this series of programs on modern art students have a chance to find the answer.

—L. H.

SEVEN CHOSEN FOR WHO'S WHO

These seniors have been selected on the bases of character, citizenship, and leadership to represent Queens in *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities.* L. to R. in top row are: Fran Macpherson, Laura Sue Mitchell, Carmen Carter, Sara McNair. Second row: Kathryn Hickman, Catherine Edgerton, Joyce Tucker.

NEW TRUSTEES ELECTED

G. W. Dowdy, H. H. Everett, T. E. Hemby, T. H. Brooks Join Board

The addition of four members to the board of trustees of Queens College was announced October the ninth by McAlister Carson, chairman of the board. They are George W. Dowdy, H. H. Everett, and Torrence E. Hemby, all of Charlotte, and Thornton H. Brooks of Greensboro.

In discussing the election of these new members, Dr. Jernigan said: "Their appointment will strengthen the board in Charlotte and throughout North Carolina. With their interest and excellent experience in their respective fields, they can help immensely in the work which Queens College seeks to do in educating the young people of this section to become good citizens and leaders in their communities. We are proud to welcome men of such stature to the board of the college."

Mr. Dowdy, who is general manager of the Belk Brothers Company, is a former president of both the Charlotte Merchants Association and the North Carolina Merchants Association. He is a member of the board of directors of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, vice-chairman of the Charlotte Housing Authority, president of the Mecklenburg council of the Boy Scouts of America, and has been a member of the board of stewards of the Myers Park Methodist Church.

Mr. Everett, chairman of the board of directors and treasurer of Stewart and Everett Theaters, Incorporated, is president of the Chamber of Commerce and the United Community Services, a director of the Union National Bank, and an elder and chairman of the building committee of Trinity Presbyterian Church. He is a former district governor of the Lions Club and president of the Charlotte Club and was an elder in the Myers Park Presbyterian Church before Trinity Church was organized.

Mr. Hemby, who is president of the American Trust Company, is an elder in the Myers Park Presbyterian Church, with which he has been actively associated since its beginning. He was president of the Charlotte Memorial Hospital Association from 1939 to 1941 and is a member of the board of directors of the Charlotte Young Men's Christian Association.

Mr. Brooks is a member of the law firm of Brooks, McLendon, Brim, and Holderness of Greensboro. He is on the board of trustees of Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Virginia, and is attorney for the Presbyterian Home, Incorporated, which is supported by the Synod of North Carolina as a home for the aged.

—C. M.

PARENTS ENTERTAINED

FOUNDERS' DAY OBSERVED

One of the most important week ends of our college year began at seven o'clock on Friday evening, November 21. At this time Queens celebrated both Founders' Day and Parents' Week End, the third year that these two events have been commemorated together. Although the actual date of Founders' Day occurs in January, it is observed at this time because the weather conditions are better.

Queens College has not always had the name it bears now, nor has it always been located on its present site. In 1857 the Charlotte Female Institute was erected by a group of distinguished North Carolinians. This building was situated at North College and Ninth. The school remained there until 1912, when it was moved to its present site.

During these years in the life of the institution it was operated by various people. The Reverend and Mrs. Robert Burwell, Miss Lily Long, and Dr. J. R. Bridges are the most notable among these. The Burwells had charge of the school from 1857 to 1872. While Miss Long was head of the college, negotiations were begun to have it taken over by the Presbyterian Church; but it was under Dr. Bridges that the college officially became a church school and was named Presbyterian College for Women. When the school was moved for the last time in 1912, the name was changed to Queens College, in commemoration of the Colonial Queens Museum which once stood at South Tryon and Third Streets. The Charlotte Female Academy, 913 South Tryon, was the connecting link between the Queens Museum and the Charlotte Female Institute.

The two most outstanding presidents from that time up to our own Dr. Jernigan were Dr. William H. Frazer and Dr. Hunter Blakely. Under both of these administrators the endowment of the college was increased, and new buildings were added. Our student government was started in 1921. Dr. Jernigan became president of Queens August 1, 1951.

The observance of Parents' Week End began three years ago when it was started by students whose homes were far away from the college. The idea was suggested by the father of a girl who lived in New York and who had two other children in different colleges. It was decided by the student body to have one week end for both parents and that either parents, nearest relatives, or guardians could be invited. Our Director of Public Relations and Alumnae Secretary, Miss Mildred Miscally, was responsible for the combining of this week end with Founders' Day. The week end is now sponsored jointly by the Queens Alumnae Association, the Student Government Association, and the faculty and staff of the college.

The week end began with registration of the parents in Burwell Hall from seven to eight o'clock Friday evening. Then, at eight-fifteen, a lecture was given in Ninniss Auditorium by Dr. Ruroy Sibley, an astronomer. This was followed by a coffee hour in Burwell Hall.

Registration of the parents who could not come Friday was held Saturday morning. The parents then attended classes with the students. The Founders' Day celebration was held at twelve o'clock in Belk Chapel. In charge of the program was Mrs. Wyss L. Barber, President of the Alumnae Association. The guest speaker was Philip F. Howerton of Charlotte. Mr. Howerton has long had an interest in Queens. His father was a member of the Queens Board of Trustees and two of his sisters attended the college.

PHILIP HOWERTON

A luncheon, sponsored by the Alumnae Association, was given at one o'clock after the Founders' Day program. In the afternoon a tea was held in Dr. Jernigan's home. Also, an art exhibit of animal sculpture was shown in Stultz. This exhibit featured the works of Anna Hyatt Huntington, who made the statue of Diana which stands in the courtyard.

After dinner a play entitled "The Royal Family" was presented by the speech department in Ninniss Auditorium. The actors were Carol Stockner, Venetia Wilcox, Gene Reeves and Joan Farrabow. The play was directed by Mr. Snyder. Nancy Irwin served as assistant director, Phyllis Papperman was in charge of make-up, and Pat Rhodes took care of the costuming. Also presented was a reading from "Gaslight," by Worth Spearman, Mary Ann Todd, and Mr. Snyder.

Sunday morning the students took their parents to church with them and then to dinner, thus ending the Founders Day and Parents' Week End celebration.

—S. B.

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QUEENS . . . *to the Frosh*

Every college girl must go through the same phase of college life—that of being a freshman, or sometimes better known as a "Rat." Perhaps some girls who had older sisters and brothers in college knew a little of college life, but to many college life was entirely new, fascinating, and yet almost frightening.

Upon arrival at Queens, this being the first glimpse of the school for many, especially for Florida and Georgia girls, the quaintness and oldness of the buildings struck them as being typical of a girl's school. The next few hours were filled with registering, unpacking, seeing the campus and meeting their roommates. Both in South Hall and in Morrison, where the vast number of freshmen are sheltered, chattering girls ran around in circles like a group of squirrels. The following week, which was Orientation Week, gave the freshmen new hope because of the friendly atmosphere.

Toward the end of Orientation Week the bright-eyed but wary freshmen were settling down and taking college life a little more for granted. Although smoking was permitted only in the lounges, the freshmen did not mind and most of the girls were delighted over the non-restricted lights at night. The freshmen walked around in a daze complaining of lack of sleep, but did nothing about it until the matter of lights was taken care of by the ruling hand. Neither way seemed satisfactory because complaints still come because of limited lights. A few wise, and yet not so wise, ambitious "greenies" caught on to bathtub studying, which has been brought to an end for the most part by that nice labeled "call down" with an immediate "campus."

The High School habit of "excess noise" has not quite worn off, and the result is a "call down" which eventually becomes a "campus." Of all the complainings that have been made to home or to mama, a "campus" is the worst. Grades have a definite meaning. Either you pass or you don't, but a "campus" is on the same level as being "shipped" back in the good old days of our parents. It is hard for the folks to understand that you can be "campused" simply because you forgot to sign in and kept the whole school open all night looking for you.

Classes and studying present another problem—that of learning *how* to study and *how* to let the professor know that you know it. By now most of the girls have gotten on to the road toward efficient studying, but have a long way to go.

Rush Week added another touch of college life to those who were interested in sororities. Studying and some health went down during this period; but hearts were gladdened, and the studying has been increased since the pledgings.

All in all, the freshmen, "Rats" or "greenies," have come through a new and exciting part of life that the upperclassmen have passed without ill effects, and the freshmen are constantly looking for the help of the upperclassmen. Even though upperclassmen are older, have studied harder, and learned more, most freshmen can meet them on their level of sophistication, intelligence, and conversation to keep up "We're the Girls from Queens."

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FOREIGN STUDENTS GIVE VIEWS ON EDUCATION

By Sydney Lewis

One of the most interesting subjects to any college student should be education. One particular point which is very significant is: "How does American education compare with education in other countries, especially South American countries?" In an attempt to answer this question a panel of our own Queens South American students was held.

The first question asked the panel was the number of years of schooling required by their various countries.

Miss Argerie Vega from Costa Rica asserted that in her country a student is required to attend six years of grammar school and five years of high school. However, attendance at the University is limited according to the profession one is to enter. For example, to become a grammar-school teacher the average years of college required are two; whereas four years of college are required to become a high-school teacher.

Miss Lynn Heagney from Cuba agreed with Miss Vega on the number of years of high schooling required for a diploma.

However, Miss Betty Williamson from Brazil pointed out that in her country the situation was a little different. In Brazil a student is required to attend four years of grammar school and four years of high school with an intervening year between the two to prepare for high school. Betty also added that three years is the average number for college.

A second question which brought a considerable amount of discussion was the number of subjects required by their respective countries in both high school and college.

Betty stated that as a college freshman in Brazil, a student is required to take ten subjects. The student is not only required to take these subjects, but his diploma will not be recognized by the Federal Government if he fails to meet these requirements. The essential subjects for a freshman are as follows: chemistry, physics, math, Portuguese, French, English history, geography, drawing and Spanish. In the Federal institutions a student is not allowed any electives; however, in the Mission colleges one may also take home economics and Bible. As one progresses in years she takes subjects which pertain to science or to the classics. The classic course is for teachers, lawyers, and the like; whereas the scientific course is mainly for doctors and nurses. In Brazil college is usually a preparatory step because most of the students go on to take their Masters.

Lynn asserts that in Cuba the high schools are divided into American and Cuban. The Cuban high schools are much harder than the American, and most of the students graduate with at least twenty-two credits. However, in both schools they are required to take Spanish, math, history, English, Latin and French.

Argerie added to the discussion by stating that in Costa Rica a student has to take approximately the same subjects in high school as in Cuba. But the subjects at the University vary with one's professional interest. For example, a freshman who is majoring in philosophy would take seven subjects, four of which would be philosophy, psychology, literature, and grammar.

We may conclude from this that in all three countries more emphasis is placed upon high school than it is in the U. S.

The next question asked concerned the desire of the students to learn.

Lynn stated that quite a few of the Cuban students come to the U. S. to school. However, a greater majority of the Cuban girls feel that they have received adequate training in high school. Most of these girls either marry or go to work. As a rule, the boys continue their education and attend regular classes at the University. But there are a few who go to class when the notion strikes because they are not required to attend class if they pass their exams at the end of the semester.

Argerie added that in Costa Rica the standards are so high that the people want to learn. In order to get a good job a person must have an education; and the man with the best education gets the best job. Costa Rica has an "army of teachers"; that means that in every little town there are about five teachers to help the citizens raise their standards.

Betty entered the discussion at this point to state that students who attend college in Brazil have the desire to learn because the opportunity is not very plentiful. Many students who attend college in Brazil work all day to make enough money to attend college at night. In America many people go to college just because a friend is going; whereas in Brazil a student goes because he seek knowledge.

Central and South American Student —Argerie Vega, of Costa Rica; Lynn Heagney, of Cuba; and Betty Williamson, of Brazil.

The next topic for discussion was th dress of the student.

In all three countries it was discovere that the girls wear hose and heels. Skirt are worn with blouses, and sweaters ar worn very rarely. Earrings are worn e ery day; but heavy necklaces which ar worn in the U. S. are replaced by del cate necklaces with small chains. Woo is worn sometimes, but as a rule cottor and silks are the usual attire. Suc things as loafers and socks are not wor in these countries except by American

The last point of discussion was o the type of education—whether trad tional or progressive. In the first thre years of high school a student is und the traditional system; but in the la two years a student may choose his su jects. In the two new colleges establishe in Costa Rica the teacher assigns a ce tain amount of work that must be don by the student by the end of the yea The student attends lectures and at th end of the year he is given an examin tion on all of his work.

Thus when the panel was conclude a little enlightenment was thrown o the foregoing topics.

MR. AND MRS. W. Z. STULTZ, *Benefactors*

During the months of August and September, 1952, Queens College and its students lost two dear friends. These were Mr. and Mrs. W. Z. Stultz. Mrs. Stultz died on August 2, 1952, and Mr. Stultz died a little over a month later on September 25.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Stultz were born and reared in Martinsville, Va. Mr. Stultz was born on June 20, 1868. As a boy he went to work for the Reynolds Tobacco Co. When he was nineteen, he started traveling for this firm. After many years with the Reynolds Tobacco Co., however, he resigned from the firm and opened a stocks and bonds business in Charlotte. In 1902 Miss Lucie Jamerson and Mr. Stultz were married. She was the daughter of the late T. J. and Louisa E. Salmons Jamerson of Martinsville, Va. They came to Charlotte and lived here until their deaths. Mr. Stultz was a deacon in the Myers Park Presbyterian Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Stultz are well known throughout this state for their philanthropy. In addition to large gifts to Queens College, Davidson College, and Barium Springs Orphanage, they were constant benefactors of many other good causes. Mr. and Mrs. Stultz gave Queens College the beautiful and functional Stultz Building. They have also been the sponsors of four scholarships at Queens each year since 1929. At Davidson they gave the sanctuary for the new Presbyterian Church, and to Barium Springs Orphanage they gave a cottage.

The survivors of Mr. Stultz are a sister, Mrs. Mary J. Gauldin of Axton, Va.; a half brother, Mr. Thomas Boles, also of Axton; and a niece, Mrs. Harry Terrell of Danville, Va. The survivors of Mrs. Stultz are three brothers: Gen. George R. Jamerson of Richmond, Va.; Jesse S. Jamerson of Knoxville, Tenn.; and Thomas L. Jamerson of Charleston, W. Va.

The estate of Mr. Stultz, which consisted of one million dollars, was left to five institutions. These were the Children's Home at Winston-Salem, Barium Springs Orphanage at Barium Springs, Davidson College, Queens College, and the Myers Park Presbyterian Church in Charlotte. There were also special bequests to a sister of Mr. Stultz, two nieces, and a nephew.

Mr. and Mrs. Stultz with Mr. McAlister Carson, Mrs. Wyss L. Barker, and Dr. Jernigan at the dedication of the Stultz Building on November 10, 1951.

The fact that their home was such a Christian one led Mr. and Mrs. Stultz to donate the money for the Stultz Building on the Queens College campus. It was their hope that the students at Queens would be influenced by being taught home management and would be led to establish Christian homes of their own. Mr. Stultz was so interested in this building that he spent three to four afternoons a week observing its construction.

The Stultz Building is the newest on the campus of Queens College. It was dedicated immediately following the Founders' Day address on Founders' Day, November 10, 1951. McAlister Carson, chairman of the college board of trustees, presided over the dedication ceremony, and the keys of the building were presented by Mr. Stultz and accepted by Dr. Jernigan.

The Stultz Building houses the Home Economics department of the college. The lighting and furnishings of the building are in modern design, and the decorations carry out modern design in color. On the first floor of the building are a living room, a reading room, a craft room, and an auditorium equipped with a stage for exhibits, lectures, and movies. On the second floor of the building are a classroom; a utility room; and two laboratories for the teaching of clothing and textiles, foods and nutrition, and home management.

The students at Queens College are deeply indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Stultz for their kindness and generosity in giving Queens the Stultz Building and in bequeathing Queens $200,000, which will be placed in the general endowment fund of the college.

—F. P.

FEDERATION FOR DEFENSE

Leeds Cushman

As we approach the inauguration of a Republican administration, one of a multitude of questions concerning future policy of this government will be the relationship of the United States to Europe and the free world. There is today a mounting tension in the face of continued aggressive action on the part of the Russian Communist government—active as in the subordination of Czechoslovakia; veiled in its participation in the Korean war; cold but effective in its opposition to United Nations activity. Those countries in closest geographical proximity to Russia have most to fear from her possible military exploitation. But before this even, coming as a direct result of the hostilities of the last war, Europe has the tremendous task of rehabilitation and reconstruction.

Such a program, however, is dependent on the exchange of goods. No one of these countries is capable of rebuilding without trade with other countries. Europe sells manufactured goods for the production of which she must import raw materials. Sources of supply, markets, intervening channels of communication must be maintained free and accessible. Of far-reaching consequences in this struggle for existence would be a co-ordinated strength—an integrated Europe. Should trade barriers be abolished to allow for maximum utilization of materials and free distribution of products, to be culminated in the political teamwork of the European nations, the united force thus created could more quickly and completely recover, and thus more effectively oppose any aggression.

Our President-elect, because of his own work on the Continent, is familiar with the problems confronting European restoration. He has expressed his own belief that "there must be progress toward the unification of Western Europe if the objective of permanent peace in the Western World is to be realized." Leaders in Europe, too, realize how essential is unity. Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium has been the spokesman for constitutional unity. Schuman of France has proposed a plan for industrial co-ordination between France and Germany. Winston Churchill has been an enthusiastic advocate of co-operation.

Such an idea is not new. Victor Hugo called for a Continental Federation. Briand in 1922 warned Europe to "unite not only to prosper, but in order to live." But only under military duress has there ever been unity—assimilation in part into the Roman empire, a brief respite during the Dark Ages under Charlemagne, who acted with the blessing of the one greatest unifying organization, the Roman Christian Church. Nationalism came to dominate political thinking with the ascension of kings over decentralized feudal lords, and so began the protracted era of international rivalry which has characterized all of modern European history. Napoleon's ambitions were an assertion of French nationalism; Hitler's, of German nationalism. To lay aside national pride, overcome hatreds nurtured throughout these many years of strife and competition, to bend a little of national sovereignty to supra-national authority—these characterize the almost insurmountable basic qualifications for a working unity.

Some of this psychological background must be understood to grasp the great significance of what unity could mean. It is hard for us in favored America to understand the significance of complete economic as well as physical bankruptcy on a national scale. Moreover, we tend to underestimate the significance of conflicting national sentiments. And yet to us has devolved the very great responsibility of sharing our wealth and our prestige in an investment the success of which is vital to our very livelihood.

To America, alone of the nations of the world not directl affected by the recent war in suffering physical injury rather profiting financially in the temporary inflation fror increased production, fell the responsibility for aiding th nations of Europe. Money was made available to ther through the Marshall Plan. This plan, organized in Jun 1947 as assistance to European States collectively, whil not in itself achieving co-ordination of investment in Wester Europe, did do much to promote what is now called th functional approach to the problem. Already have bee organized several departments for the discussion of mor closely integrated programs in the fields of art, scienc education, as well as in economics, military life, and politic The following is but a brief resumé of the purposes some of these.

The European Recovery Program was organized for th distribution of funds under the Marshall Plan. The Amer can branch was the Economic Co-operation Administratio (E.C.A.), ending its functions with the end of Marsha Plan aid. Its purpose was to inspire the European countri to organize to control their own reconstruction. This w accomplished in the formation of the Organization f European Economic Co-operation (O.E.E.C.). Eightee countries bound themselves at the Convention held at Par in April 1948 to further the expansion of production an to work together with the other members in breaking dow tariff walls hindering inter-European trade. Liberalizatio the freeing of payments traffic, was made possible by th organization of a European Payments Union. Thus goo can be freely exchanged in answer to demand regardle of what reserve the recipient might have in specie of th sender. All payments would be handled through an inte national "bank." Future plans for the O.E.E.C. are form lated in conflicting proposals, the one to abolish all discri inatory restrictions on imports or exports, eradicating tariffs in the establishment of a complete integration; th other would maintain some differentiation in import duti in view of the differences from country to country in soci and economic circumstances. Rearmament has become regrettable yet probably inevitable emphasis, commandi those funds which might more profitably have been desi nated to the furtherance of productive gains under O.E.E.

The Council of Europe, with headquarters in Strasbou is a consultative body, made up of delegates of fourte nations. The number of delegates of each country is rough proportional to the relative population, the delegates chos by the national parliaments rather than directly by th people. They sit in the Council alphabetically by nam thus breaking up national groups and yielding the opp tunity of the members to understand better the viewpoi of other nations represented. Their aim is the evolution a real Parliament of Europe. Their failure so far has be due to the opposition of Britain, with interests far afield Europe, and the absence of the European countries behi the Iron Curtain, still a vital part of the whole.

The Western European Union, established by the Trea of Brussels in March 1948, provides for military, politic and economic co-operation between Great Britain, Fran and the three Benelux countries. There has been establish a permanent consultative council, with a plan for the ferring of disputes to an international court of justice.

N.A.T.O., the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, has, under the Council of Foreign Ministers of the participating nations, a permanent co-ordinating office for defense production. The functions of the members are to cause peaceful settlement to disputes, to maintain individual and collective defensive power, to support any of the members attacked. In 1950 it was agreed to organize an integrated European army, and General Eisenhower was first appointed Atlantic Supreme Commander.

With the presentation of the Shuman plan—humbly by that statesman, saying, "J'ai quelque chose ici . . ."—it was shown that France could and would assume leadership in the furtherance of co-operation. France rightfully distrusts a re-armed Germany, having twice been overrun by that power. But she has hoped that Britain might offset that threat in a more active participation in the coal and steel pool. Britain is reluctant, however, because of the carefully balanced economy established since the war by the Labor government. Churchill, too, has hesitated. Britain has powerful ties outside of Europe in the United States and in her Empire, and has the delicate role as "banker" in the trade in the silver area.

The threat to the free world of Russian Communism is everywhere evident. The land mass under domination of Russia and her satellites extends over most of Eurasia from the Elbe to Vladivostok to Shanghai. Pressure is being exerted on four frontiers: in Europe, where of supreme value would be to cross France and the Low Countries and reach the Channel and the Atlantic; in the Balkans, to liquidate the Titoist heresy and reach the Mediterranean; in the Near East, to control its oil and the explosive politics of Islam; and in Southeast Asia, to drive across Indo-China against Malaya and Indonesia, to break America's defensive chain in the Pacific and to outflank Japan. These four ambitions form a part of a whole scheme of dynamic intensity. They should be opposed by an equally resolute force. The Russians have tremendous potential, exploiting the tremendous advantage of an imperialist power in full command of her extensive possessions. The pressing need for the immediate future is for a united free world—an alliance scaled to meet the threat. The Atlantic Pact is valuable and should most assuredly be retained. But this represents a fraction only of what the ultimate goal should be. Regional agreements should be promoted in other theatres on economic, geopolitical, psychological bases as well as in military alliances. It is of fundamental importance that each of the national states be assured the support of all the others in the event of invasion or occupation by the enemy. Only in the guaranteed unity of the free world can the positive advance of the enemy be rendered impotent.

CRISIS IN '54?

JOHN WILSON

For some time now, important men in our state department have been saying that 1954 is going to be a year of diplomatic tension between the United States and Russia. When men like Omar Bradley and George Marshall mention one year as being especially significant (as they have been doing), it is time for us to begin to take notice and investigate their statements.

The United States will be threatened more by war from the summer of 1953 to the late spring of 1955 because the level of economy and industrial output of Russia will then come closer to that of the United States than at any other time within a foreseeable future.

With the help of the United States during World War II Russia came out of the war with a better balanced economy than she had when she entered the war. There is no reason to believe this trend has changed; nor is it likely to change while the United States has to bear the many economic burdens of her allies, whose own economic situation can be summed up in the fact that there are no world markets for European goods; the high tariff system of the United States has seen to that. This system will undoubtedly be maintained after the election on November 4th. In 1954 we see the economy of the United States relatively stable, whereas Russia's production and income will be slightly increased.

In the past, particularly during the years 1946-47, the United States curtailed her output of war materials to the very minimum with 1,000,000 men in the armed forces, and at the most, five thousand military planes ready for combat, and no more in sight. Russia, on the other hand, instituted a new five-year plan in February of 1946, the purpose of which was to maintain a standing army of 2,000,000 men, and a military air force of 16,000 planes.

Late in 1947 (as a result of the new five-year plan) Russia tripled her output of iron and other crucial industrial materials. The millions of guns, tanks, and planes manufactured during that post-war splurge will become obsolete about 1955. Russia must use them before then if she is to receive their benefits before relegating them to the junk heap. Stable as it now seems, Russia's economy cannot stand another splurge like that one. Meanwhile, however, the complicated machinery of American industry picks up.

By the end of 1953 Russia will have completed the relocating of her industry behind the Ural Mountains. This program originated during World War II while Russia was under attack by the Germans. In *Twelve Months That Changed the World*, Lasuerer graphically describes this movement and points out that practically all industrial equipment which was then being shipped east of the Urals was American-made. Whether Russia has the industrial "know-how" to replace this equipment is still debatable; on the surface, however, she now seems to have that knowledge. Nevertheless, it will take billions to replace that machinery which also will become obsolete in the next year or two.

In looking over the names of German scientists who went to Russia after World War II, it is interesting to note that practically all are sixty years old or older. These men whose vast engineering and industrial knowledge has been exploited are growing old, and the benefits of their knowledge will not be with the Russians for very long.

In any event, Russia's economy will reach its apex in two years, whereas that of the United States will continue to become static. The advent of a new administration in Washington does not change these facts. Though we might want to cut the military budget in order to stabilize American economy, we cannot afford a loss of military efficiency; so the ultimate outcome will be the same. The 1954 crisis is apparently unavoidable.

A Hop Ahead With Hector

My mother, Henrietta, is going to pin my ears back for telling this, but I ran away from home last week to play with Miss Albright's cats! They are really cute, but I'm so afraid my grammar won't be correct since Miss Albright might hear our conversation. I haven't picked up much news of the future this year. I did hear Dr. Jernigan tell some girl that whistles all the time that the gym will be finished next September if everything goes O.K. He also had some big scoop, but he wouldn't tell her what it was. Dean Sweet was all pepped up one day over something called, "It's in the Book!" I heard him talking to Mrs. Good about some new courses in the Fine Arts Division next year . . . Oh, I'm not supposed to tell that!

I've been in some of the classes just checking to see if the teachers are tough this year. (They're hard as nails.) I don't dare go in the biology labs—they might skin me! I went to Children's Lit. one day with Margaret's suitemate. Miss Harrell surely does teach an interesting class. I also visited French one day by hiding in John Wilson's coat pocket. (Because of my buck teeth I can't say "u.") I love to go to the education class where I can sit in the middle of the circle. Things got pretty confused in there at test time.

The developmental psychology teacher convinced me I have gastro-neuritis. Since I am the youngest hare in my family, I am petted according to Adler. Margaret's suitemates surely do work hard this year. One of them is all the time getting observations for fine arts, and the other spends her time reading books for American lit. and church history. The girls across the hall nearly ran me crazy writing papers on Chaucer and Spenser. My father, Harvey, can't sleep because of the noise at the phone booth. (We live by it.)

I heard that the deans, Dr. Jernigan, and Mrs. Good had a wonderful time on their trip to Winston-Salem. They went on a drinking spree with Dr. Cunningham in a drug store around the corner. It's a wonder they didn't get sick. I think they were all glad to get back. Wonder what Dr. Jernigan and Dean Sweet did at the Southern Association Conference at Memphis. They surely have been quiet about it!

I hopped over to the Dean's house last week. Gee, it's a dream with all those pretty fresh walls. I would even be glad to get a corner of the basement. I had a good time Halloween, but I didn't recognize my pal, Diana, in her costume. I got some Christmas cards from the Faculty Wives. They read, "Merry Christmas and a Hopping New Year." I've been spending a lot of time in the library doing some research on the author of the Uncle Wiggly books. Honest, I hope I don't disturb people studying like some of our students do. Sometimes I can't even hear MY ears!

I've had a grand time in North. (Margaret doesn't live in Morrison any more.) One girl woke up with a black caterpillar in her bed, and another had a gay time with a mouse one night! (I thought my tricks were fun even though I got spanked for them!) Looks like the girls in North are afraid of the dark. I noticed that the freshmen are much better about conserving electricity—I do hope we can save enough money for two scholarships. That will give two girls chances to come to Queens. I stuck by ears in the new clothes dryer and almost got them burned off. I've also found that it doesn't take much soap to run the washers, but I love to play in the surplus suds on the floor of the launderette.

I've heard some good suggestions from some gab sessions held in North. Someone suggests that a good idea would be to cut off the halls with French doors at the lounge, move the telephone to the lounge, and provide a desk and have wallcards. This could be kept by scholarship students to eliminate all the trouble of going to Burwell for everything. Sounds good to me! Another student had a plan of having "stop" days each year when the president could declare a day of rest after crucial periods during the school year. It would be nice to sleep the day after quarter tests are over, wouldn't it? There would be four of these days a year. Someone else complained that the Dean's List here is too high. Many schools require a B average or not less than three B's and two A's. Our average is an A average, which is pretty tough to make.

We didn't get Thanksgiving holidays, but I don't believe we really needed them. Now that 4:15 business is a different matter! That's really going to be hard on some girls. A girl in Diana's Den last week wanted to know who "Hector" was. I almost bit my whiskers off to keep from telling her. Nobody knows who I supported for President either, but I don't mind telling—I went POGO!

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PEPPLER FUND SUPPLIES BOOKS

On the day of Dr. Jernigan's inauguration last year, he was quite surprised to be handed a check for a thousand dollars by his old Greek professor from Duke University. Dr. Peppler, who is called "Pop" by Dr. Jernigan, stipulated that the money, a gift of him and his wife, was to be used to buy books for the Queens College Library. Dr. Jernigan took the money, and he and Mrs. Jernigan added 250 dollars to the sum to supplement the purchase of much-needed books. The presentation of this gift on the part of an old teacher is proof that professors can be friends who have a personal interest in their students after graduation.

Many books have been purchased with the Peppler Fund. A specially designed bookplate has been placed in the front of each volume bought with the fund. The bookplate has the Queens library seal under which is inscribed, "Gift of Charles W. and Edith V. Peppler." The Peppler Fund will be used to add to our library collection throughout the year. A large number of these volumes have already been placed in the library in the fields of art, science, English, and the Classics.

Among the volumes in art are: *Classical Myths in Sculpture, A Modern Book of Esthetics, Early American Architecture, Degas Portfolio, Titian Paintings, Northern Italian Details, Colonial Williamsburg in Color,* and *Commercial Art Techniques.*

In the science division have been added: *Evolution, Catawba Texts, Heredity East and West,* and *Cooperation among Animals.* Also added were: *Wild Fowl,* Vol. 1 and 2; *Petrels; Quantitative Clinical Chemistry;* and *Clinical Biochemistry.*

In English many books dealing with Shakespeare and eighteenth century literature have been added. Among them are: *What Happens in Hamlet, History of English Novel* (10 volumes), *Understanding Poetry, Companion to Shakespeare,* and two more volumes of the Shakespeare *Variorum, Antony and Cleopatra* and *The Winter's Tale.* Also added were: *Poetry of Pope, England in Transition, Swift, The Poetical Career of Alexander Pope.*

In the field of classics many books have been purchased. Some of them are: *Gods, Graves, and Scholars; Greek Tragic Poets; Oxford Book of Latin Verse; The Archarmans of Aristophanes;* and a two volume of *Greek Lexicon.*

QUEENS GETS VALUABLE EDITION OF VIRGIL

As the result of a news broadcast with Cedric Foster a year ago, Dr. Jernigan has secured a rare volume of Virgil for the Queens library. Mrs. Crawford L. Smith of Chardon, Ohio, heard Dr. Jernigan talk on the value of a small liberal-arts college and wrote to Dr. Jernigan offering him a copy of Virgil from her late husband's library. When the book arrived, Dr. Jernigan realized its value and wrote Mrs. Smith for permission to give it to the library, since the book should be displayed for the pleasure of many and should not be owned by one person.

Much research has been done on the volume. It was sent to Dr. Harry Lydenberg of Greensboro, retired head of the New York Public Library. Dr. Lydenberg did research which showed that the book was edited in London by John Ogily and was printed by Thomas Roycroft in 1658. It was given to the school at Bishop Stortford, England, by Thomas Noell.

The first Latin text of Virgil was printed in 1570 and some fifteen or twenty editions were printed between that date and the Ogily edition. The 1658 edition is an admirable piece of work of the seventeenth century press. Dr. Lydenberg said that the Queens volume is an excellent example of good printing, but is more important from the standpoint of illustrations. An Ogily portrait by Lilly is engraved on the frontispiece by William Faithorne. The book contains 104 other engravings, many of them by Wencelaus Hollar, a top etcher of his day. Ogily, to ensure financial success for his work, included portraits of English noblemen.

The volume is bound in contemporary smooth brown calf with the Coningsby-Noell arms embossed on the front and back covers. The spine of the book has been rebacked. It is decorated in six panels.

No one knows when, why, or how the volume left the Bishop Stortford school. Mrs. Smith bought it in Boston in 1928 from a bookseller who bought it in England with many other books.

Dr. Jernigan

A letter has been sent to the school, but no answer has been received. There are only three copies of the book in America. The other two are in the Oliver Wendell Holmes Library at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. The Queens volume is considered the only perfect one of the three.

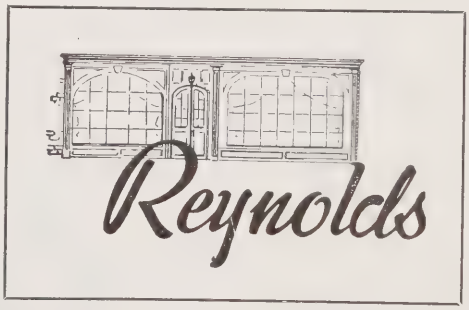
—D.-J. S.

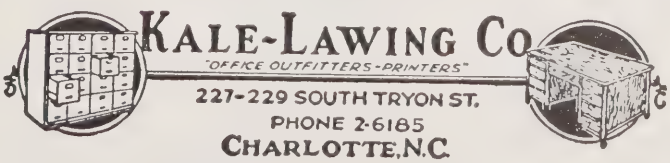
DR. SIBLEY LECTURES

(Continued from page 5)

what we know and what we are learning of the vast cosmos by means of the world's largest telescopes and particularly through the medium of the 200-inch Hale telescope and the 48-inch Schmiet camera-telescope of Mount Palomar Observatory.

—A. B.





TRIBULATIONS OF A T. V. FAN . . . or . . . PUH-LEEZE GALS, I LIKE T. V. TOO

Venetia Wilcox

It was Sunday night, and I was exhausted from a busy week of classes, bridge, and shopping tours. "Ah," thought I, "tonight would be the perfect time to squeeze a few hours of relaxation into my rugged study schedule; so I'll just dash over to Burwell and catch a few acts on T. V."

I left Frazier Hall, played dodge-car with the vehicles racing down Selwyn Avenue. Safely across the deathtrap, I had two minutes to make it to Burwell before the opening of Smean Dartin and Merry Tewis's "Funny Bunny Show." Reaching the threshold of the room, I abruptly put on the brakes at the door. Visions of hilarious comedy and restful solitude waltzed in my cranium, and I stepped into the room.

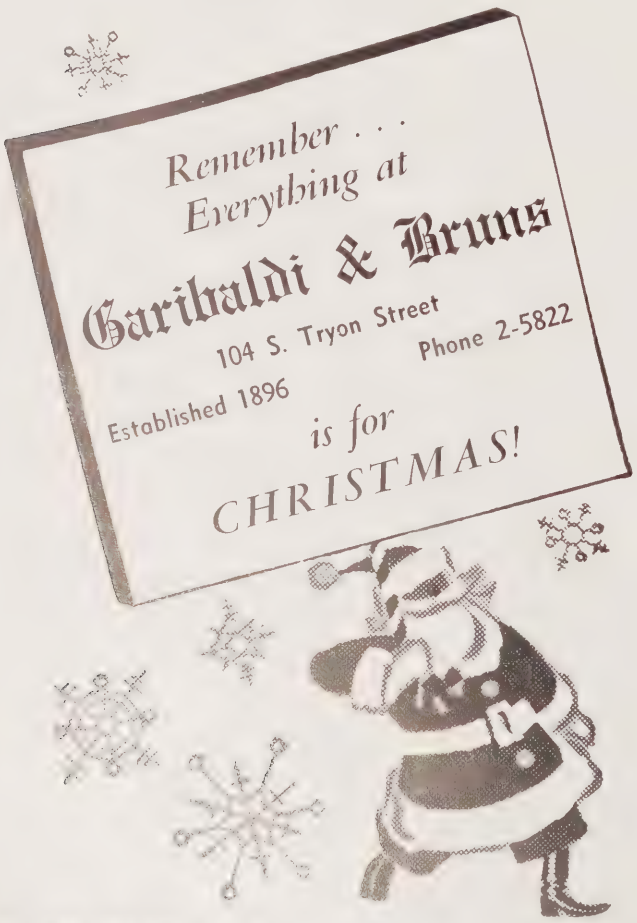
Gad, it was dark! Stumbling through the curtain of black, I looked around and saw spread out before me—girls—dozens of them! All over the floor, the furniture, the ceilings they were. In the distance I could hear a faint rumble of voices and see a weak flimmer of T. V. action, but those were the only reasons that made me feel sure I was in the T. V. room and not in a New York subway. With my rusty, trusty pocketknife I cut my way through a veil of cigarette smoke and found myself two inches before the screen. Almost at once polite shrieks of the other onlookers convinced me that this would never do. "Perhaps I can find a floor vacancy," I thought naively.

Across arms, legs, and other miscellaneous parts of bodies I fled, with accompanying groans from the human boardwalk. At that moment Imogene Oh-But-We've-Had-A-Set-For-Years decided to clear a slight snow flurry that was assailing the screen. Twenty minutes, fifteen people, and forty-three twists of the knob later, the screen stopped looking like a work of modern art and began looking like a T. V. show. Someone gave me a quick bite in my leg, and I realized that I was blocking the view of a rather large group of fans. I had little choice of action. I could sit down upon one of those giggling hyenas underfoot, sit on the set and hang over from the top to view the screen, or stand on my roommate's shoulders at the edge of the crowd.

Dejected, disappointed, and disillusioned, I took my place in the back of the room. Ah-ha! Light-bulb! Idea! I reached in my pocket and pulled out my brand-new cereal top periscope and viewed the closing commercial with great success.

In view of my traumatic experiences with T. V. viewers, I have drawn up three simple rules for all T. V. enthusiasts. They are:

1. If your neighbor has a tobacco allergy, be neighborly—swallow cigarette, smoke, and ashes.
2. If you must laugh, keep it under control. Unexpected movement may prove disastrous.
3. If the screen goes ka-flooey, show your technician union card before disturbing the apparatus.



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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Directions for Fire Drills or How to Walk in Your Sleep

We are timed. Let us follow these instructions to the letter.

1. As a gentle hint, the automatic nerve-shatterers will blate in five long rasps about one second apart (after it has been ascertained through someone's phenomenal intuition that every individual is in deep, peaceful slumber.

2. Be calm.

3. You will thereupon have the delightful opportunity of defying Mr. Storey by cutting on all lights in boudoirs and powder rooms. (We know this will cost two unfortunate girls their scholarships, Mr. S., but we must Be Prepared.) Open powder room doors, unless fire is in powder; in this case, close powder room doors. Close all windows, unless fire is in windows; in this case, walk out through the doorway.

4. Be calm.

5. Although this is an evening occasion, you may wear low heels. (But Queens girls always wear stockings when possible.) No bedroom slippers are to be worn.

6. Be calm.

7. Put something on. Help others to be calm.

8. Carry a blanket and towel folded over the left shoulder. (Have you sewed your name tags onto your blankets and towels? This will help the authorities identify you.)

9. Be calm.

10. Step quietly through your room door; close this door. (Queens girls always let their roommates out during any conflagration. Do not move until, if, and when the fire wardens give the signal.

11. When the leader gives the signal, you will line up in single file. One warden will lead the line; the other will follow. (Disputes between wardens will be settled by Executive Board.) Do not run; do not conga; but walk rapidly.

12. Your warden will be calm enough to lead you away from your building, perhaps. Do not separate yourself from your group at any time, except in cases where you (or the group) are burning.

13. Be calm.

14. The warden will check the roll while her assistant, the rear guard, will check every room for sleeping bodies.

15. *Leave your textbooks in the room!*

CAROLYN LEGETTE

MONTALDO'S

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"Queens"

may be found in our

Rendezvous Room

Third Floor

PANEL OF FOREIGN STUDENTS FEATURE IN ALPHA KAPPA GAMMA'S MOCK ELECTION WEEK

Pictured at the left are the four foreign students and Dr. F. A. Spencer who held on October 29 a panel on the significance of America's Presidential election. Left to right: Mr. Mohamad Riad Ghonemy, Egyptian student at North Carolina State College; Mr. James Russell, English Fulbright scholar at the University of North Carolina; Mr. Johannes Miedima, Dutch student at Davidson; Dr. Spencer, moderator; and Mrs. Renate Johnson, German student at Catawba College.

Other features in the "election week" were rallies for Stevenson and Eisenhower, presided over, respectively, by Horace Harris and Charlene Warren; registration of student body, planned by Jackie Johnson; and voting, planned by Jackie Henley.

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As We See It

FRESHMEN IN EXTRACURRICULARS?

When we freshmen entered Queens this fall, one of our main ambitions was to become a part of every phase of college life. Naturally, we soon became well acquainted with the academic side of our new life; and, with a little guidance from the upperclassmen, we discovered that the social life could be very exciting. There was still one major part of college, though, that we had not been introduced to. We heard of the many different activities and organizations on the campus. We saw what they were doing, but we still wanted to find out for ourselves how they functioned. We were told, however, that freshmen could not take part in any organization until after first semester grades were made. This disappointed us very much.

We all realized the reason for this rule; but, after discussing it among ourselves, we agreed that the rule could be altered in a small way and still serve its purpose effectively. We realized that our knowledge of the organizations amounted to practically nothing. Considering this fact and the fact that we were not allowed to participate in anything until after first semester, we agreed on a feasible compromise. Why couldn't we become members of an organization the first semester and perform small tasks that would acquaint us with the functioning? If at the end of first semester we did not make our average, we could drop out; but if we did, we would be ready to be valuable members.

If our suggested plan could be adopted, we feel that it would be a great help in acquainting the future freshmen of Queens with each phase of college life.

—B. C. S.

OUR LAUNDERETTE

How well we remember the days last winter when we trudged through rain and cold to the various city launderettes to do our weekly wash, or spent a goodly portion of our allowance in sending our clothes to the city laundry.

Now, however, there is no need for us to do either of these things, for we have our own launderette in the basement of Carson Hall, and a wonderful thing it is. How convenient it is to be able to do our washing right here on the campus. We save the dimes that we spent for bus fare in going to the downtown launderettes and the dollars that we spent in sending clothes to the laundry. Then we avoid the danger of our laundry's being lost because no one touches it but ourselves. Also, we are able to save hours of valuable time. We can dash down and put our clothes in a washer in a free period, and by the end of that period they are ready for the dryer. In the meantime we can be doing whatever we like. Then, too, we almost always meet someone else in the laundry room, and this provides an excellent opportunity to catch up on the latest news or to tell our troubles to our friends.

We appreciate the installation of the launderette. It has been and will continue to be a great convenience to the students here at Queens.

—B. N.

A REPLY TO EMPHASIZING THE CONTEMPORARY

The last issue of the *Blue Quill* contained an editorial on emphasizing the contemporary. Many students disagree with the view which was presented in that editorial. True, we need some emphasis on the contemporary developments of our day. But how can we be sure which contemporary contributions are worth being studied when we are not far enough removed from them? (As an example, futurism was an art which was popular only a short time in the early 20's. It did not appeal to the artistic world.)

Possibly the reason that so much time is spent in Fine Arts 102 on the Renaissance and classical art is that the greatest works of all time come from these periods. A study of the art of "isms" of today begins with the early Renaissance. The study of contemporary music with its dissonance begins with the history of music. The critical approach *is* used in the upperclass courses of the Bible department, especially in the survey course. Perhaps it is the job of graduate work to give the student better insight into the contemporary. Most of us have never had courses in any art, music, or Bible, and very few in literature. One needs to acquire a strong background in the so-called classical works before she can attempt to analyze the contemporary.

Yes, we expect the best from Queens. Maybe that best is found in the world's past contributions.

—D.-J. S.

AN EXTRA DAY?

Tired? Need a day to catch up? Want to take a day off and just rest? "Stop days," not known at Queens but familiar to many colleges across the country, offer an answer. At Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri, when the pressure of mid-term tests, examinations, or social functions puts a special strain on everyone, the President calls a Stop Day. All classes, meetings, and social activities are discontinued for one day, and the students, faculty, and administration are given an opportunity to rest. The students are not informed about the stop day until late in the evening before it is to take place so that they will prepare lessons for this day as usual. The free day may be spent sleeping, catching up on back work, or going uptown to shop.

This system works smoothly in the institutions in which it is incorporated. It creates no confusion, only pleasantness and renewed efficiency for all concerned. Stop days are called only two or three times a semester, and only when the President feels that they are needed.

We're doing a lot of talking about being mature, growing, and selecting a high sense of values. We believe that we could use stop days maturely and thus improve campus living.

—C. W.

BROWSING

WHOSE CONSCIENCE?

Moorehead, Alan: *The Traitors,* Charles Scribner's Sons, New York: 1952, $3.50. pp. 215.

The Traitors, by Alan Moorehead, is the gripping story of the atomic energy spy ring and the men behind it. This extraordinary book deals chiefly with three men, Allan Nunn May, Klaus Fuchs, and Bruno Pontecorvo, who are traitors of a new kind; for they desire neither wealth nor personal power. Alan Moorehead presents a vivid and startling revelation of what these men were really like and how their actions might have resulted in the most disastrous crimes in history.

The Traitors opens with an account of the exposure of the Canadian spy ring, giving a brief and forbidding glimpse of what went on in the underworld after September 5, 1945, when the people of Canada realized the full implications of a small spy ring there. The story of Gouzenko's evasion of the Russian embassy and the investigation which followed it affected and, in the end, ruined each of the three men, May, Fuchs, and Pontecorvo.

The Canadian spy ring started a frightening chain of events, inasmuch as it brought out in the open the relationship between the traitors and the atomic bomb, magnifying the power of the traitor. In that same month, September, 1945, when Gouzenko walked out of the Russian embassy in Ottawa, Doctor Klaus Fuchs, thousands of miles away, drove from Los Alamos to Santa Fe and handed over details of the actual bomb to a Russian agent; furthermore, in that same September a young Italian scientist named Doctor Brouno Pontecorvo was working at the center of the British atomic research at Chalk River in Canada. There was a third man, Doctor Allan Nunn May, who, having come back to his home in Montreal after a visit at Chalk River, was packing for his return to England on September 5, 1945.

May, Fuchs, and Pontecorvo, although differing greatly in their habits, their backgrounds, and their private domestic lives, had one startling quality in common: their patterns of treason were almost identical. Each man betrayed not for money, through fear or hatred, or because of political faith, but because each found himself in possession of valuable information and decided he should pass it on for what he thought was the good of mankind.

May had signed the Official Secrets Act; yet he had given to the Russians, for money, information concerning the atomic bomb. Alan Moorehead records in his book pieces of the "Old Bailey" trial held May 1, 1946, after which Nunn May was sentenced to prison for ten years. Fuchs was May magnified, for where May was ready to help the Russians against his own people, Fuchs was ready to betray all people everywhere; his conscience was his only guide.

Pruno Pontecorvo's strange disappearance from Helsinki, Finland, is an account which is absorbing almost to the point of incredibility; he disappeared two years ago and has not been seen since. Although the description of Pontecorvo's family, his wife, and three children, has a human quality, the reader realizes there is no place for feelings in the cold world of nuclear physics of which Pontecorvo was an authority.

Thus *The Traitors* deals essentially with and is the most important study of atomic espionage yet published. Alan Moorehead has skillfully organized his exhaustive research into a fascinating revelation of the problem that these traitors propounded—the problem of how to guarantee the loyalty of men's mind to their own country and to mankind in the use of atomic energy. These men were not motivated by their interest in the welfare of man—they were directed by their own megalomaniac confidence in their own powers. *The Traitors* is a timely, penetrating treatise on the necessity for individual integrity and enlightened social responsibility.

BARBARA EDWARDS

ESCAPE FROM LIFE

Jack Dunphy: *Friends and Vague Lovers,* Farrar, Straus & Young, Inc., New York: 1952, $3.00. pp. 237.

Friends and Vague Lovers is an example of mature modern fiction. Its pages contain evidence of Jack Dunphy's profound insight into human emotions and consciences. The reader is impressed again and again by this account of man's search for a satisfying place in life.

The novel opens in an unusual setting—an island in the Mediterranean. The main characters, Mrs. Markham and Sheridan, are both Americans whose lives have been affected by unhappy and curious backgrounds. The woman has previously left her husband and indirectly driven her only son, Jonathan, to suicide. Sheridan's past remains unclear to the reader, but one feels by his actions and by hints of his past in the novel that it has been a somewhat unnatural one. Moreover, the situation of his present life further points to the unusual character and habits of Sheridan.

As the reader begins the novel, he discovers that these two people are on a primitive island which in itself symbolizes the common hope of the characters for satisfaction in life by escape. Mrs. Markham is first drawn to Sheridan when she is informed that he knew her son. The relationship develops into a Platonic intimacy when Sheridan becomes ill and Mrs. Markham cares for him. The woman, however, is possessed with the unyielding desire to become a necessary part of Sheridan's life. Thus the couple drift into an unsuccessful love affair. Their relationship, then, is revealed in the author's title—*Friends and Vague Lovers.* At length Mrs. Markham and Sheridan part, and each seeks to renew his life by returning to the past. The novel ends as the two reunite and leave the island together for an unknown but unified destination.

The novel is a difficult one to read and enjoy. It is not always entertaining but seldom fails to be thought-provoking. The author chooses to leave much unsaid. At many points he allows the reader to draw his own conclusions. Moreover, the final effect of the book is one of contemplation. The reader cannot believe that companionship between the two characters will be the satisfying goal that both had hoped for at the beginning of the novel.

JOAN FARABOW

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PROGRESS IN OUR TIMES

The Holy Bible, Revised Standard Version, Thomas Nelson and Sons, New York: 1952, 293 pp., $6.00.

It was a June day in 1952. A group of scholars stood up from their book-cluttered room at the Yale Divinity School to offer a prayer to God. After fifteen years of sacrificial work, their thirty-two man committee had completed *The Revised Standard Version of the Bible.* This new Bible is an authorized revision of *The American Standard Version* published in 1901. *The American Standard Version of the Bible* in turn was a revision of the *King James Version* which was published in 1611.

One can perhaps better understand the significance of the new version of the Bible when he quickly views the history of this great book. The first English version, which was made by translation from the original Greek and Hebrew manuscripts, was begun by Tyndale. For this desire to make the message of the Bible accessible to the English speaking people, Tyndale was executed and burned at the stake in 1536. His work was not to be forgotten, however, for Coverdale continued the translation, and in 1535 completed the *Coverdale Bible.* The following years saw many new translations. Some of the better known translations are: *The Thomas Matthew Bible* in 1537; *The Great Bible* in 1539, *The Geneva Bible* in 1560, *The Bishop's Bible* in 1568, and a translation of the New Testament by Catholic scholars in 1582. The next great translation came in 1611 with the *Authorized King James Version.* This Bible has justly been called "the noblest monument of English prose." Readers of the *King James Version* have been impressed with its dignity, its majesty, and its poetic expressions. Although this version has always been treasured, it has never been free from defects. These errors were considered so detrimental that in 1870 revision was undertaken by the Church of England. In the following years serious quarrels arose between the English and American scholars as to the needed revisions. Thus there arose from the revision of 1870 two great volumes, *The English Revised Version of the Bible* in 1881 and *The American Standard Version of the Bible* in 1901.

The years between 1901 and 1928 were free from revision of the Bible. In 1928, however, the Council of Religious Education appointed a committee to study the question of revision. The committee reported in 1930 that there was need for revision because: original Greek and Hebrew manuscripts had between four and five thousand mistakes; new manuscripts had been found; there was a clearer understanding of the archaic Greek and Hebrew words; and many of the words in *The King James Version* no longer meant what they did in 1611. The latter was perhaps the most important defect, for it hid the true meaning of the Scriptures. This is readily exemplified in the following: the word "comprehend" was used to mean "overcome," the word "ghost" was used to mean "spirit," "wealth" was used for "well-being," and the phrase "take no thought" was used for "be not anxious." The greatest of all motivating forces was summed up in the statement composed by the committee and held before them as they worked.

> "The Bible is more than an historical document to be preserved—and it is more than a classic of English literature to be cherished and admired. It is a record of God's dealing with men, of God's revelation of Himself and His will. It records the life and work of Him in Whom the word of God became flesh, and dwelt among men. The Bible carries its full message not to those who regard it simply as a heritage of the past or praise its literary style, but to those who read it that they may discern and understand God's word to men. That word must not be disguised in phrases that are no longer clear, or hidden under words that have changed or lost their meaning. It must stand forth in language that is direct, plain, and meaningful to people today."

The thirty-two scholars who had the task of revision began with high purposes. The scholars, as they undertook their task, frequently sought the review and advice of an Advisory Board of fifty representatives of the co-operating denominations and of the Council of Churches. The thirty-two man committee was divided into two sections. One group worked on the revision of the Old Testament; the other group worked on the revision of the New Testament. Both groups, however, called on each other for advice and information. Changes were made only with the two-thirds vote of the entire committee. Many years passed before concrete evidence of their work could be seen, but in 1946 the *Revised Standard Version of the New Testament* was published. The committee then devoted its entire time to the completion of the Old Testament. On September 30, 1952, the committee saw its dream come true, for the complete volume of the Bible, *The Revised Standard Version,* was published.

The changes made in the Bible are relatively simple, but they help to give us a clearer understanding of the message of the Scriptures. The revisers of the Bible have tried to keep the new volume as close to the *King James Version* as possible in view of the needed changes.

I believe that this new version of the Bible will have a great influence on people today. I do not think it will take the place of our cherished *King James Version* in our formal and stately gatherings. *The Revised Standard Version of the Bible* has another purpose—to be used by students of the Bible. Through a scholarly use of this Book, I believe that man will find a new meaning, new knowledge, new hope, and new challenge.

JACKIE JETTON

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"On The Square By the Clock"

POETRY

MY SWAN

Jimmy White

My swan is a thing so lovely and white,
Her feathers are smooth and her eyes are bright.
Wanderlust, Wanderlust, where can she be,
Why have you taken my bird from me?

Her love for me is as pure as the snow,
And my love for her, she can never know.
Wanderlust, Wanderlust, away I say,
And release the soul of my bird, I pray.

Our love is entwined as two cords in one,
But our souls are apart as moon and sun.
Wanderlust, Wanderlust, curse thee! I say.
You have stolen my bird and nest this day.

My soul is a snake pit, boiling and dying,
For my swan is lost—and forever flying.

THE WORLD IS GREEN

Kathryn Rogers

The world is green,
And in the winter the brown leaves
Crumble underneath the feet of time.
The soul is green,
For we have yet to learn of peace of mind
And contentment within the self.
And like the brown, dull leaves of winter
We are dying, are being crumbled
Under wheels of steel and rust.
The world is green; the soul is green—
And through the ages World and Soul turn brown
And die together.

AFTER A DEATH

Carol Stockner

The dead are calm,
There are no thoughts perplexing,
There are no memories hounding,
There is no future-fearing—
There is calm.

But what happens to the living after a death?
They go on, remembering.

TERMINUS

Carol Stockner

Frost sears, rain pelts,
And one forgets
That earth once quivered with the birth of spring—
Was blatant with bright summer.

Frost sears, rain pelts,
But I cannot forget
That we once trembled at the birth of love—
Ecstatic with shared moments.

FROM THE CITY

Frances Macpherson

Dogs whine; the sentry hums upon the wall.
A pale moon lowers across the rippling leaves,
Their fitful shadows mash our rose-lined mall:
And you will go while we sleep, trusting you.
You loathe the plain, the city it surrounds;
Prefer to leave the dust of many rooms.
Your ears will throb to weary weight of sounds,
Your eyelids say; I cannot flee the city
Nor give myself a hostage to your love;
Through shadows I shall look for your return.
The postern swings—a silhouette, a whine.

LINES

Reid Mellard

I have seen the wind in January
Rushing along the creek banks
Across the moist rough-brown sand,
Blowing the dry grass.

Long, long, it whistles on the meadow
Until all the reeds are bent
In one direction.
The breeze sings through hollow stalks.

I have watched the roaring branch
White-foaming, overturning,
At the rapids tumbling,
Within the wide banks
In the deep pools moving.
It flows most slowly and sluggishly
And is muddy,
For it eats the land above
And carries it downward to the sea.

Alone, I have stood on the rock-cliff
End and triumph of the midlands
Rearing dark-ugly over the water.
The waves beat
Vainly on the continent-border.
I have waited alone on the rock-cliff,
In my face feeling the draught
Sweeping up off the ocean floor,
Up-whining on the unconquerable mass,
Ripping up the dry grass on top,
Blowing it far out to sea.

I have walked on the flat beach,
Knowing the wisdom of changing dunes,
Feeling the power of ocean
That snakes up to my feet
And quivering,
Shrinks back into foam-rolls,
Leaving the age-worn broken shells
Lying half-buried
In the vast loneliness
Of eternal grey sand.

OUR SHADOW

Lois Lawing

What is this shadow
That stalks us to our death
Sheathed in flowing garments,
Breathing not a breath.
It could not be a human,
For people are in form.
But back of us it rises,
Increasing like a storm.
Many do not see it,
Because they do not try,
But some become aware of it
On the day they die.
Some claim not to own it,
But others know within
That everywhere you find it,
It is our shadow—sin!

STORY WITH A MORAL

Buck Spearman

There once was a student at Queens
Who entered a class in her jeans.
The facts of this story
Are too doggone gory—
For more information—THE DEANS.

THOUGHT ASSOCIATION—QUEENS

Buck Spearman

Campus . . . ramble
Chapel . . . amble
Ath. field . . . bramble
Classes
scramble
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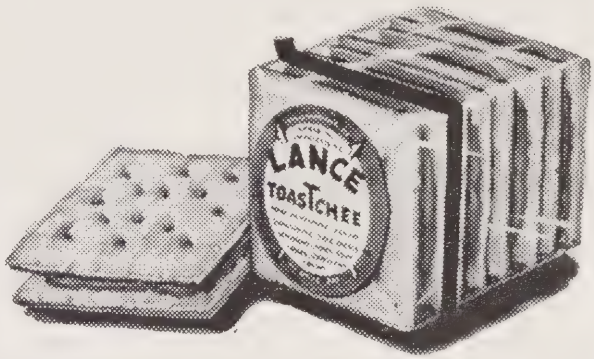

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with
Your Drink

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STRIKE

Kathryn Hickman

It was a wicked-looking instrument. From an eight-inch steel rod hung a heavy chain of the same length and material; attached to the end of this was a steel ball about an inch in diameter. As it was passed around the circle of people there in the living room, I dreaded the moment when I would feel the cold steel. I did not need to see the engraved letters on the side of the implement to remember each one: *November-December, 1949; Rand Works Strike.* Almost three years had not erased all of the pain. I looked again at the steel rod as I passed it on to our guests, and I began to remember the happy, almost carefree days which had preceded that dreadful winter. . . .

Just like all the other girls at Morgan High School I had practically worshipped Jim Martin while he was in school there. When he had graduated at the head of his class and then gone to the air corps, mine among many other hearts was broken. I had finished one year at the conservatory by that time, but just the same I was thrilled when Jim began dating me during that first summer he was home.

He hadn't changed much. His blue eyes had grown more serious, although the same familiar twinkle was there. His blond hair had been cropped short by merciless army barbers and—thanks to the sun of the Pacific—was blonder still. He was quieter and more reflective.

In the fall he went to the university, but I heard from him often and went up for several week ends, and he came home for all of my recitals. When I began my junior year, I wore his pin. The next summer Jim gave me his grandmother's diamond, and we made plans to be married the following June.

Those first months of marriage, living in our tiny apartment just a few blocks from the campus, were wonderful. We were able to make ends meet and even have a steak once in a while—if we gave up movies.

After mid-term graduation Jim went to work at the Rand works of the Smith Chemical Company. In no time at all he was given a promotion; the men who worked with him liked him and respected him. They soon began telling him of the storm that was brewing throughout the entire plant.

All the trouble had stemmed from an election to choose the bargaining agent for the men from among several labor unions. Unfortunately the mining union was chosen. Then the trouble really began. Groups all over the plant began quarreling over representation, who should get pay raises, and who was being shown more favoritism. Luckily, Jim was not touched by these petty dissatisfactions; the engineers, other professional men and women, and white-collar workers employed by the company were not members of any union and received more or less standardized salaries and benefits.

Finally, however, the workers became so fed up with the whole mess that they demanded an election, even though the year of the union's contract was not yet over. The company gave them their election; the majority of the workers voted "No Union," and the company declared the old contract invalid. They were backed by the labor board, but the miners' union officials were raving mad.

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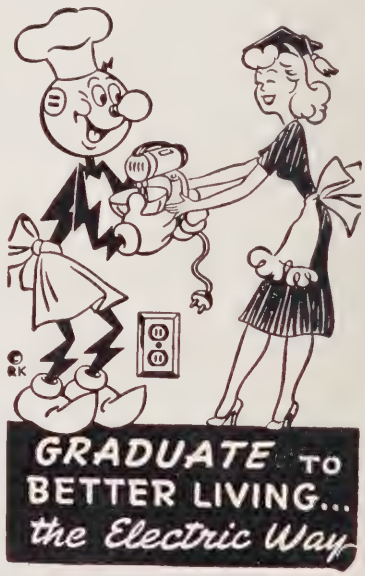

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I didn't hear too much about all this except in a vague sort of way. Our son had been born in September, and so most of my time was consumed with him. But then in early November I began to notice that Jim often seemed preoccupied and distant. Worry lines appeared more and more often upon his forehead. Since he was in the research department, however, I decided that it must be some special problem which he was tackling; all the men in his department were under oath not to discuss their work with outsiders; so I made up my mind not to be concerned about it.

On the Sunday after Thanksgiving, however, I realized how wrong I had been. We had little Jim christened that morning, and after church I went back to the nursery to get him while Jim waited in the vestibule for me. Evidently I was quicker than he thought I would be, for he did not notice me when I walked up behind him. John Barker was talking to him.

"Jim," he was saying, "it'll start this week. Mark my words, boy; it'll be one bad strike! Those damn miners don't miss any punches when they start in on us scabs! You technical people better just stay at home and leave the fight with the rest of us. Nobody'll be out of danger, but it's us they're fightin'!"

"I see your point, John," my husband replied, "but we've got a deadline to meet on that dye experiment. I'm just now getting close to what I think will be the solution to the whole problem, and I'm not going to let anything stop me. If the union strikes, I can still work. If they won't let me cross the picket lines, I'll crawl in some way and stay in until it's all over. Maybe," he grinned, "Anne can send me some food and clothes by the underground, and I'll roast a wiener and make some coffee on a Bunsen burner!"

Jim stopped short as he saw me, and the grin quickly faded from his face. I had had no idea that the situation at the plant was so serious; none of the other wives had mentioned it, and there had been no mention of it in the papers. In my mind I was recalling the articles and pictures I had seen which showed the violence of labor strikes.

"That was fast, Anne," Jim smiled as he took the baby from me. "What do you think of my son, John?"

After a few more pleasantries with friends we hurried over to mother's for the afternoon. Sunday was the day when Jim's family and mine all gathered in one of our homes and just visited. That particular Sunday, however, was not the usual pleasant one. All of the men obviously were worried about the affairs at the plant. Jim was the only one of them who worked there, but happenings there affected the entire neighborhood. Everyone advanced his theory about what would happen—except Jim, who was unusually quiet. Finally, I could stand it no longer and rose to go. As I was getting Jimmie ready, I heard my brother speak.

"It'll be one helluva strike, Jim. I'll be damned if I'd go to that place tomorrow."

And Jim quietly answered, "I'll be all right, Pete; I'll have my rabbit's foot and a four-leaf clover."

Monday the baby was fretful, but everything else was quite normal until about 3:30 that afternoon. I was just starting to put a pie into the oven when the phone rang.

It was Jim.

"Anne," he said, "we've gotten a report that the union's going to strike tomorrow. There's a rumor that they'll import miners from some of the other counties for the picket lines; so it might get rough. The boss wants some of us to stay in the plant tonight. I told him I would; could you bring a bag with some clothes and my razor in it? You might stick in some cigarettes, too, 'cause the machines are getting low, and the trucks won't be able to cross the lines either. They've gotten a good supply of food over at the canteen; so there's no worry there. Can you meet me at the gate in—oh—make it thirty minutes?"

I quickly assured my husband that I'd be there, called to my neighbor to have her son run down to the drugstore for some cigarettes, telephoned mother to come and stay with Jimmie, packed the bag, and finally got the car out of the garage and on its way. Jim was waiting for me when I reached the gatehouse. We had only a moment to talk; but after Jim had kissed me goodbye and walked back into the plant, I had an overwhelming feeling of dread.

The walkout started the next morning. It began slowly, quietly. Then that afternoon miners began pouring into the area surrounding the plant. That was when the men inside the plant began feeling a little sorry they *were* in the plant. That was when the machinists began attaching small steel balls to chains which dangled from eight-inch steel rods in order to have some sort of weapon in case the picketers forced their way into the plant.

Jim called once or twice every day. His sister, Barbara, spent the nights with me, and we tried hard not to think of the rumors we were hearing. It was said that men were followed home at night if they did leave the plant. And one night the home of one of the plant officials was burned.

Things grew steadily worse, and on Thursday I heard many reports of violence. Up until that morning many workers had gone in and out of the plant at will. Usually just a few typical picket-line words had been hurled at them, but at least one car had been overturned on Thursday, and several car windows had been smashed.

Jim called about seven that evening. He sounded tired and very much worried, but he was trying hard to bolster my courage.

About midnight the telephone rang again.

"Mrs. Martin?" a crisp voice asked.

I clutched the edge of the phone table. "Yes," I answered.

"Mrs. Martin," the voice continued, "your husband has been hurt over at the Rand works. Can you get down to the hospital right away?"

When I arrived at the hospital, Jim's father and Dr. Cole were waiting for me. Before they spoke, I knew.

"It's too late, Anne," Dad told me. "Jim's dead."

I stared stupidly at him, not comprehending the words. Jim. My husband. Dead. How? He had all his life before him. Now it was snuffed out. Why?

Dr. Cole explained what had happened. At about eleven o'clock the picketers had begun to feel the effects of the beer the union leaders had been bringing all day and had begun to throw all sorts of things at the windows of the plant's buildings. One missile had struck the window near Jim's desk, and his jugular vein had been severed by a piece of the glass.

. . . My father's voice bidding our guests goodnight suddenly brought me back to reality. As soon as they were gone, I climbed the stairs to my room, wondering if those machinists had thought three years ago that the steel rods they had made would remind a widow of the awful agony of her husband's unnecessary death. I paused to look in on Jimmie.

"Mommie?" he softly asked.

He sat straight up in bed and began talking to me as if we had been talking together for hours.

"Mommie," he said, "do you know what I want to be when I grow up?"

Thus far he had been a trainer driving trains, a fireman, and a bridger building bridges. "Mommie, when I get big, I want to wear a hat with a light on it and dig for coal. Mommie, can I?"

I hugged him and softly whispered, "We'll see, son; we'll see."

PURSUIT

Marjorie Moeschler

My exit from a tall office building brought me out into a cold, rainy, bleak night. Pools of color were reflected on the wet sidewalks as the neon signs flashed on and off. A streetcar rumbled in the distance. I walked hurriedly along the streets trying to get to the bus stop before my bus left. All was in vain, however, for I saw the bus pull away from the curb when I was but a block away. It would be an hour at least before the next Brentwood bus came along.

A long hard day of pounding typewriter keys had left me tired and limp. A situation like this could be remedied by a cup of coffee, I decided; so I proceeded to turn the corner and looked into a jewelry store window. I noticed the reflection of a man staring back at me. Ordinarily this would have meant nothing, but tonight I couldn't help feeling a foreboding premonition. I was silly, I knew; so I tried to shake off this uncomfortable feeling and hastened on my way.

Usually White's was gay and warm, but tonight for some reason it left me unmoved. Perhaps it was the dreariness and the coldness of the night. The waitress took my order, and I adjusted my rain attire. I glanced up, and my attention was drawn to the table next to mine. There sat the man I had seen in the jewelry store window. Again I thought it only a coincidence, and I passed it off as such. I drank my coffee, and I heard the blare of a radio in the distance. The voice of a radio announcer indicated that there was a quiz program on the air. I felt more relaxed. I picked up the check and paid the cashier at the counter. While I was paying my bill, the stranger came up to my side and stood waiting to pay his bill.

As I stood buttoning my coat, getting ready to leave the warmth of the restaurant, I heard the cashier laughingly reply, "Some night for a murder!"

The stranger behind me said, "Yes, isn't it!" He then proceeded to open the door for me, and I went out once again into the rainy night.

The wind whipped my raincoat about my legs, and the rain wet my arms as the chill wind blew the rain up the sleeves of my coat. As I turned the corner, my raincoat billowed out, and I looked as if I were a sail boat caught by a huge gust of wind.

I took my stand at the bus stop; and, peering from under the hood of my coat, I saw the same stranger I had encountered in the restaurant. The queer feeling I had had once before returned, and I was gripped with fear. "Get hold of yourself," I said to myself. "You're just imagining things. You've been seeing too many movies lately. . . . Just the same, I'll see if I am being followed. It's probably nothing more than foolish thoughts."

I left the corner and began walking down the street. My high heels resounded like the clackety-clack of tapping hammers as I walked along the deserted streets. I was careful to notice that every time I stopped to look in a window the stranger would do the same. I was now at the corner, and the street sign had just flashed "Don't walk." I dashed across the street, and only in the nick of time I heard the screech of brakes behind me and a voice say, "Why don't cha' look where you're going? Is vouse blind?"

I turned around to give the driver a cold stare; but, before my stare could fix itself upon the driver, there before me stood the stranger. By this time I was really worried. I knew it was no longer a coincidence of happenings. The stranger was following me. I felt as if I were drained of all energy, and my body became limp almost as if I were asleep and it were only a dream. I didn't know what the stranger wanted with me; I knew only that I must lose this pursuer. Trying to remain calm, I continued down the street at my usual pace, or what I hoped looked like my usual pace. My heart was beating like a drum, faster and faster, until I thought it would burst.

By this time I found myself in front of a movie theater. Across the street a bus pulled away from the curb. Yes, it was my bus. Again I was but a block away. My heart seemed to cease its beating and sink to the bottomless pit of my stomach. I summoned all my courage and convinced myself that I would be on the next bus, and I'd just pass away the time in a movie.

I bought my ticket, handed it to the man, and I all but bolted for the powder room. I thought once up there I would be safe. Maybe after waiting for a while the man would go away. At the end of what seemed like an eternity I opened the door and closed it behind me. There sitting in a chair was the stranger.

What to do now? The movie! That's it; I'll sit in the movie where there is a vacant seat between two people.

I descended the semi-dark stairs to the lobby below. I picked out a crowded spot with only one vacant seat, and I climbed over the many pairs of feet and sat down to try to look at the movie. Evidently I had come in toward the end of the picture because the two people I was seated beside got up to leave. I too got up and went up the aisle, but just as before, the stranger was right behind me. I spied two soldiers with a vacant seat between them. I then climbed over more pairs of feet and snuggled into a seat, pulling my hood about my face and hoping that my pursuer would not recognize me. I saw the man go down the aisle as if he were looking for someone. I knew that someone was I.

I crouched farther down into the seat and intentionally dropped my gloves, asking the soldiers to help me find them. With my head somewhere near the floor, I could not be recognized, I thought. My gloves were recovered, the lights were dimmed, and the new feature started.

The two soldiers got up, leaving me seated between the two empty seats. A man started in the same row to occupy one of the seats. It was the stranger. I got up as fast as I could and somehow managed to reach the aisle just as he was in the middle of the row. I ran up the aisle and out of the movie. I thought I could lose myself in the crowd on the streets; but when I got to the street I found it deserted, the only solitary company that of the slippery, wet sidewalk with silent puddles of water.

It seemed an eternity since I had left the office building. Actually, it was less than two hours ago since I stepped from the building where I had been working late. I walked as fast as the slick street would allow, passed the corner, and ducked into a public drug store. I dashed for the phone booth, and I remember vaguely dialing a number. I knew I could not call home. But why? I didn't really know, but my realization gradually returned to me, and I remembered that Mother and Dad had shut up the apartment and gone to Bermuda. I was staying with friends of theirs, the Doseys.

Fate must have been working for me because I remember nothing of the number I called, but somehow it seemed to be the right one. What would I do if no one answered? Suppose they weren't there! There I'd be caught in a phone booth. Why don't they answer! After a few buzzes on the phone, I hear

he click of a receiver and the familiar "hello" of Mr. Dorsey's voice.

"Mr. Dorsey, this is Ellen. I'm in rouble! Will you come after me?"

"Where are you?"

"I'm at the corner drugstore on Elm nd Main. Wright's drug store."

"Does it have a green awning?"

"Yes, yes. That's the one."

"Oh! Yes, fine fellow, Jim Wright! Used to know him in his younger days when he had an interior decorating shop. Yes, I remember him well. He used to display his draperies like . . ."

"Yes, yes, I know! Please, Mr. Dorsey, 'm in serious trouble! I'll explain to ou later. How soon can you come af- er me?"

"Oh! I'd say in about twenty minutes."

"Please, can't you come any sooner? 'm really in serious trouble!"

"Well, if it's that important, I'll come t once."

I hung up the receiver and sat trying o gather my thoughts together. Now hat to do? I couldn't sit in the phone ooth, for he'd recognize my raincoat if e came into the store; yet, I couldn't go ut, for he'd recognize my face. Maybe I could sit behind a potted palm I ad noticed when I first came in and rder something to eat, maybe he ouldn't recognize me.

I opened the phone booth doors and oked cautiously about. I saw no trace of the stranger, and I all but tiptoed to the table. The waitress took my order, and I impatiently drummed my fingers on the table top. The ash tray was filled with crushed cigarette butts. I felt as if I were like them, crushed and lifeless. The waitress plopped the coffee on the table, spilling the coffee over into the saucer. I stared at the spilled coffee, thinking of the many puddles of rain I had tramped through in less than two hours.

I glanced at the clock. Since I had called, exactly fifteen minutes had passed. I prayed Mr. Dorsey would be there on time. If he didn't, I would be out on the streets alone, and no telling where the stranger was waiting and watching for me. I paid my check and nervously waited for the change. It finally came, and I carelessly slipped it into my coat pocket and went out the door.

I looked both ways to see a car, but none was in sight—just the lonely street lamps reflecting their shimmering lights on the wet pavement. A car was coming. If it's a green Dodge, it will be Mr. Dorsey. But no! It was a black Packard. It passed down the street, leaving the street empty. I watched it fade away until the red tail-light was but a small red speck on the horizon.

Why doesn't he come? Where is that man? Wait, here comes a car. It's a Dodge and a green one. Oh! Hurry! The stranger will probably appear any minute now. Please hurry! Light, don't change. Too late. The light turned red.

All manner of life seemed to leave me, and a red light stood between me and safety. I dashed to the curb and waved my arms frantically. The light finally changed after what seemed like hours of tortured waiting. Even before the car had come to a halt I had the car door open and one foot on the running board. At last I was safe. I breathed a sigh of relief. "You have no idea how glad I am to see you," I said.

"What's all this urgency to come after you? I was listening to a quiz program. What kind of trouble are you in?"

"Oh! I thought I would never lose that man! What program were you listening to on the radio?"

"Just some fool quiz program. Some man was supposed to follow a young girl and bring her back to the radio station. If he was successful in bringing her back to the station, they would split a jackpot totaling $2,000. The fellow said he almost got run over when the lady dashed across the street. He trailed her into White's and as far as the movie, but she was too smart for him, gave him the slip."

"Oh, Mr. Dorsey!" I groaned and crumpled within my raincoat.

Revenge

Dorothy Hinson

The old colored woman was sprawled n her cot when she heard impatient ps at her door.

"Miss Annie, Miss Annie," called the oice, "I'se got to have help."

Aunt Annie rolled over, opening her es, and answered, "Comin'." She had ept only one hour and the previous ght had been a long, hard one; but ch nights were not unusual for a egro midwife in a rural area so thickly pulated as the little farm commun- , Cairo. She slipped her shoes over ed, swollen feet and trudged to e door. The early afternoon sunlight inded her for a moment, and she ised her white-palmed hand to shield r eyes. Then an expression of dislike, most hatred, spread over her lined ce.

"Miss Annie, it's my wife; can ya me and holp her? It ain't her time t, but she's mighty bad off," said the lored man.

"Why don't ya git de doctor, Harley?" she asked.

"I ain't got time to make it to de doctor and no way to go, no how," he replied frantically. He tried to appear calm as he awaited her reply, but he shifted his weight from one foot to the other and finally braced himself against a post for support.

"When is Mr. John gonna pay ya and when ya gonna pay me iffen I go?"

"I'll pay ya when I git paid off Sad'dy,' he reassured her.

"All right, I'll come, but have some water hot when I git there," the old Negro said as she turned and closed the cabin door.

It was unusual for her to question anyone when she was needed. Very often she did not ever get paid for her services. Harley had come back to Cairo two years ago and was said to be honest and reliable; Aunt Annie felt that he would pay her, but she was reluctant to get involved with Harley again. She knew, though, that Harley would not have come to her for help if he had had time to get the doctor. She did not like to accept a case under the direct supervision of a doctor. Once when Aunt Annie had been ill, she had gone to the doctor, and he had diagnosed her case as hysterics—"hick sticks" as Aunt Annie understood it.

She was often away for a day or two at a time, but she never went farther than she could walk because she was afraid of the new-fangled cars. The colored population in the community, which greatly outnumbered the white, depended almost exclusively on the old Negro for midwifery; for the doctor's fees were too high for poor families to afford. The majority of the white mothers let Aunt Annie nurse their newborn. Aunt Annie was respected among both colored and white for honesty and skill.

The old Negro closed her cabin door and locked it with a key suspended from her waist. When she expected to be

away after dark, she always locked Ellen in. Ellen was a simple girl who had to be protected like a child. Aunt Annie had taught her to do chores around the cabin, to carry water, and scrub clothes, but never trusted her with the cook-stove or oil-lamps. Children ofter wondered who Ellen's parents were because no one seemed to know; it was supposed that on some of her travels Aunt Annie had found her uncared for and taken her in. For years the two had lived in the little cabin below "Big John" Ratliff's house, and Aunt Annie had loved and protected Ellen as a daughter.

The path from her cabin crossed a bed of deep sand spread fan-shaped by a recent rain and up by the mule-lot fence. By the time Aunt Annie had reached Mr. Ratliff's yard, she was quite out of breath. Mr. Ratliff's youngest daughter, Kate, ran to meet her and walked a short distance with her. Kate liked to hold her big black hand and listen to the tales she told.

This afternoon Aunt Annie was wearing the wide-brimmed black felt hat Mr. Ratliff had cast aside the previous Christmas. He had given it to her when she had come by for fruit, nuts, and a little "white lightnin'." Her little braids of grey hair fringed about the edge of her hat. Her skin was black with an ashy tinge; and she had a bush toothbrush in her mouth, though only a stem was visible in the corner. Her clean apron covered the front of her homespun dress that reached to the top of her boots, but she wore it especially so that she might carry in the pocket her little can of snuff.

"Lawsy, child, how come ya got yore stockins rolled down here in March? You know it's too cold for such gwine on. Ya roll 'em up this minute, or I'll get a hick'ry to ya," she reprimanded Kate severely; and Kate knew to obey her.

She had cared for all the Ratliff children when they had measles, whooping cough, and countless colds. Aunt Annie prepared a remedy for colds that she called Juke's Mixture, but never told anyone all that she mixed in it. Many in the community knew that there were turpentine, kerosene, and tallow mixed, but no one knew the proportions of each nor the other ingredients. She rubbed it on the chest and throat of her patient and covered the chest with a warmed red flannel cloth. Not only could she cure human ills; she could cure a sick hog or heal a wounded dog.

Aunt Annie and the little girl walked at a steady pace along the washboard drive, made rough by plows' having been swung across it when rows were laid off. As the two approached the Mitchell's shack, the old Negro became angry. The Mitchells were white tenant farmers on Mr. Ratliff's farm and lived in a shack located on a road used primarily for farm equipment. Mrs. Mitchell was sitting on the doorstep with little Tommy on her knee. The baby had been sick, and Aunt Annie had spent many hours nursing him. Without saying a word, the midwife turned into the yard and walked over to a tub that sat on the ground under the eaves of the house. With flashing eyes, she snorted, "Didn't I tell ya that them clothes gotta be kep' clean?"

"I been too busy," Mrs. Mitchell said; "the baby's been crying all day."

"Them clothes have been there purty near a week. No wonder the baby stays sick. You can lay him down even iffen he does holler; it won't hurt him. Those clothes smells so strong they could almost take up feets and walk." Aunt Annie interrupted her scolding to say, "Kate, now run on back to de house, honey."

Kate did not hear the rest of her conversation, but Aunt Annie often said that it was like trying to put out a wood fire with a toothbrush to try to get Mrs. Mitchell to keep the food and clothes clean.

"I spec I'll be back about an hour by sun," she told Kate, who had lingered in the road, "iffen there ain't much going on down to Harley's. Tell your pa to keep an eye on my house to see there ain't no one hangin' round there. Now run on 'fore your mama misses ya."

The little girl hopped and jumped along in the warm sunshine until she noticed odd footprints in the soft plowed earth. Clearly defined stars branded the tops of each cotton row; after a moment she remembered that the only person who had been along this drive recently had been Harley. Then she remembered too that his expensive boots had always been the envy of every colored man on the farm. In spite of his fifty years Harley was quite active and always had money to buy better clothes than the majority of the Negroes could afford.

Shortly before midnight the Ratliff household was awakened by shrill sounds that cut through the still spring night—people running and calling. Someone was ringing the farm bell that was used to call the Negroes to the "big house." Half-dazed, the little girl ran to the window and saw Aunt Annie's shack going up in flames. Neighbors and colored families answered the call for help—the ringing of a bell at night always was a signal for danger or disaster—but by the time they arrived, the fire was too hot to get near it. Men tried to force the locked door open with a long two-by-four, but it refused to give way. And in a matter of minutes the roof sagged and plummeted in; there was no hope that Ellen could be saved.

As the embers began to die, Aunt Annie arrived; she was in tears. She said that Harley's wife had died and that Harley had blamed her. Evidently they had come to blows because her right eye was nearly closed. She had cleaned up the sick bed and laid Harley's wife out before she started home. Nothing could be done until morning; so Aunt Annie went to the Ratliffs' home, where Mrs. Ratliff gave her coffee and a place to rest.

As soon as dawn came, everyone was up again. Aunt Annie was already digging in the ashes and charred metal. As she talked to Mr. Ratliff, Kate saw her pointing to a spot where a rear window had been. Kate was anxious to see what Aunt Annie had spotted, but Mr. Ratliff sent her away. As she moved away reluctantly, she saw two stars imprinted in the sand.

It was a sad day. Aunt Annie sat by the old wood range and cried all morning. That afternoon a handful of people gathered at the church cemetery for a graveside service for Ellen. Several white families attended the service. Aunt Annie was strangely silent and did not return home with the Ratliffs. Instead, she set the big hat squarely on her head and marched down the road. Though other Negroes journeyed her way, she neither talked nor walked with them.

Mr. Ratliff usually looked over all his farms each day after crops were started, and early the next day Kate rode with him to the farm where Harley lived. A crowd was gathering near the barn, and Mr. Ratliff and Kate feared more trouble. As the motor of Mr. Ratliff's car stopped, someone said, "There's been a killing!"

During the excitement no one noticed that Mr. Ratliff handed Kate his broad-brimmed black hat and told her to drop it on the floor of the car. She hurriedly obeyed and rushed back so that she would not miss any of the excitement. Men were climbing over the hay to the corner of the barn. Horror swept like a wind over their faces as they saw the gory corpse and bloody hay. "A razor," someone muttered.

Her father seemed to sense Kate's reaction to the scene; and as they walked to the car, he murmured to himself "A woman will fight to protect her child from harm even if it means killing its father." Kate had seen the footprints and now she knew why her father was wearing the hat he had discarded last Christmas.